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PSYCHIC POEMS

DR. NELLIE BEIGHLE

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PSYCHIC POEMS

BY

DR. NELLIE BEIGHLE

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DEDICATION.

To my angel inspirers.
Through the psychic power of Dr. Nellie Beighle.

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UNSEEN

O! Thou rich world unseen!
That curtained realm of spirits:—thus my cry
Hath troubled air and silence.—Dost thou lie
Spread all around, yet by some filmy screen
Shut from us ever? The resounding woods,
Do their depths teem with marvels?—And the floods,
And the pure fountains, leading secret veins
Of quenchless melody through rock and hill,
Have they bright dwellers? Are there lone domains
Peopled with beauty, which may never still
Our weary thirst of soul?—Cold, weak and cold,
To earth's vain language; piercing not one fold
Of our deep being? O! for gifts more high;
For a seer's glance to rend mortality;
For a charmed rod, to call from each dark shrine
The oracles divine!

SECRET KNOWLEDGE.

Thou knewest me not in life's fresh, vernal morn,
I would thou hads't:—for then my heart on thine
Had poured another love; now, all o'erworn
By its deep thirst for something too divine,
It hath but fitful music to bestow,
Echoes of harpstrings broken long ago.

Yet, even in girlhood, companionless I stood,
As a lone forest bird, midst ocean's foam.
For me the silver cords of wifehood
Were early loosed; the voices from my home
Passed one by one; and melody and mirth
Left me a dreamer by a silent hearth.

SECRET KNOWLEDGE.

(Continued.)

But with the fullness of a heart that burned
For the deep mysteries of soul I turned.
In every still, small voice and sound of power,
My life's one passion, the mysterious quest
Of secret knowledge; and each tone that broke
From the wood arches, or the fountain's breast,
Made my quick soul vibrate as a lyre,
And ministered to that strange, inborn fire.

TELL ME.

'Tis evening, and I sit me down
And take my pen in hand,
To write for you, my sister, dear,
Who is in the spirit land.

You tell me that our sacred mother
Is worshiped by you all,
And all our loved ones join you,
When on me you do call.

With friends, they are so many,
Who join the happy band,
Filled with holy power and wisdom,
Which they bring from the spirit land.

TELL ME.

(Continued.)

And you tell me that my father
And our brothers and sisters dear
Have power from our Father in Heaven,
To guard and protect us here.

You tell me that my God-given son
Has unlimited power from above
To enter the homes of the sorrowful,
And bring consolation and love.

And I am waiting, and waiting, and waiting,
For my loved ones to call me home;
But tell them I know you are with me
Wherever I may roam.

OH! FOR WINGS.

For wings! For wings! like a dove to fly,
Beyond the arch of the sapphire sky!
To mount unchained through the depths of air;
To bathe in floods of the beauty there;
And, raptured, list to the hymning spheres,
With bliss unstayed by the flight of years.

Earth is no home for the deathless soul;
It yieldeth not to its base control;
But, like a bird, in its upward flight,
It tires and faints for its home of light,
And pants to burst from its prison, free
To blend itself with eternity.

BOND OF LOVE.

It was not with bonds of common love
Our hearts were knit together; we had been
Silent companions in those griefs which move
And purify the soul; and we had seen
Each other's strength and truth of mind, and hence,
We loved with passion's holiest confidence.

NEAR THEE, STILL NEAR THEE.

Near thee, still near thee; o'er thy pathway gliding,
Unseen, I pass thee with the winds low sigh;
Life's veil enfolds thee still, our eyes dividing,
Yet vainless love floats round thee silently.

Not midst the festal throng,
In halls of mirth and song;
But when thy thoughts are deepest,
When holy tears thou weepest,
Know then that love is nigh!

When the night's whisper o'er the harpstrings creeping,
Or the sea music on the sounding shore;
Or breezy anthems through the forests sweeping,
Shall move thy trembling spirit to adore;

NEAR THEE, STILL NEAR THEE.

(Continued.)

When every thought of prayer,
We loved to breathe and share,
On thy full heart returning
Shall wake its voiceless yearning,
Then, feel me near once more.

The fields of air are free,
Yet lonely, wanting thee;
But when the chains are falling;
When heaven its own is calling,
Know then thy loved one is nigh.

TO A FRIEND.

But Oh! sweet friend! we dream not of love's might
Till death has robed with soft and solemn light
The image we enshrine! Before that hour,
We have but glimpses of the o'er mastering power
Within us laid! *Then* doth the spirit flame,
With sword-light lightning rend its mortal frame.

PASSING AWAY.

"Passing away" is written on the world, and all the world contains;
It is written on the lily, in its glory's full array,
"Passing away."

It is written on the skies; it is traced in sunset's dyes,
"Passing away."

It is written on the trees, and on brighter things than these,
"Passing away."

It is written on the heart, should claim from love a part,
"Passing away."

Blessed friends! Oh! shall we meet in a land of purer clay,
Pass not away?

Shall we know each other there, and the thoughts that in them lay,
"Passing away?"

Oh! if this may be so, quickly, quickly close the day,
Do pass away!

CONSOLATION.

Why mourn thee for the dead?
Why weep o'er severed ties?
The veil around us spread
Conceals them from our eyes;
The *distant* heavens we seek in vain,
Where parted friends shall meet again;
The *near*, Oh! brightly will it dawn,
When that dark veil shall be withdrawn.

HOLY ANGELS GUIDE MY FOOTSTEPS.

Holy Angels, guide my footsteps,
Guard my thoughts and actions, too,
Fill my soul with holy wisdom,
Tell me what you would have me do.

TIRED.

I'm tired of gleaning when fain I would reap,
I'm tired of smiling when fain I would weep,
I'm tired of all the lonely hours that creep;
So tired.

I'm tired of building idols of clay,
Of watching hope's sweet visions fade away,
Of learning bitter lessons day by day;
So tired.

I'm tired of trusting but to be deceived,
Of doubting when 'twould be better to believe,
Of failure when so much should be achieved;
So tired.

TIRED.

(Continued.)

And yet I'm waiting day by day,
For the loved ones to call me o'er the way,
And I wonder much at their long delay,
For I am still so tired.

Rest, weary mortal, child of earth,
Turn thy sadness into mirth;
Years will come and go ere there comes a new birth,
But then you will not be tired.

RELIGIOUS SUPERSTITION.

For when the soul is blind
To freedom, truth and inward light,
Vague fears debase the mind.

IMPATIENCE.

Oh! answer, orb of the silver glow!
My soul is faint in its thirst to know;
Answer me, stars of the cloudless sky!
My thought has pierced where your pathway lies,
Till lost, and tired of the empty strife,
My spirit yearns for its after life.

SLEEP.

Come to me, gentle sleep!
I pine, I pine for thee;
Come with thy spells, the soft, the deep,
And set my spirit free!
Each lonely, burning thought
In twilight languor steep;
Come to the full heart, long o'er-wrought,
O gentle, gentle sleep!

Come with thine urn of dew,
Sleep, gentle sleep! Yet bring
No voice, love's yearning to renew,
No vision on thy wing!
Come as to folding flowers,
To birds in forests deep;
Long, dark and dreamless be thine hours,
O gentle, gentle sleep!

SPIRIT LAND.

Spirit land! Thou land of dreams,
A world thou art of mysterious gleams;
Of startling voices, and sounds at strife;
A world of the dead in the hues of life.

Like a wizard's magic gloss thou art,
When the wavy shadows float by, and part;
Visions of aspects now loved, now strange;
Glimmering and mingling in ceaseless change.

And thy bowers are fair,—even as Eden fair,
All the beloved of my soul are there;
The forms my spirit most pines to see;
The eyes whose love has been life to me.

They are there: And each blessed voice I hear
Kindly and joyous, and silvery clear;
And in happy tones each one shall say,
"We are glad you are with us here today."

CALL THEM NOT BACK.

Oh! lightly, lightly tread,
A holy thing is sleep,
On the worn spirit shed
And eyes that wake to weep.

Ye know not what ye do
That call the slumberer back,
From the world unseen by you,
Unto life's dim, faded, track,

Her soul is far away,
In her childhood's land, perchance,
Where her young sisters play,
Where shines her mother's glance.

Each voice of love is there;
Each gleam of beauty fled;
Each lost one still more fair;
Oh! lightly, lightly tread.

THE SPIRIT.

Will not thy spirit aid me then to raise
The trembling pinions of my hope from earth?
Thou friend of many years
Of sadness and of joy, of home and hearth,
Come to me when my soul
Hath but a few hours to linger here,
When earthly chains are as a shriveled scroll;
Oh! let me feel thy presence! Be but near!
That I may look once more
Into thine eyes, which never changed for me;
That I may speak to thee of that bright shore,
Where, with our treasures, we have longed to be.

THE SPIRIT.

(Continued.)

By any lofty theme,
Whereon, in low-toned reverence we have spoken;
By our communion in each fervent dream
Tho sought from realms beyond the grave a token;
Come to me on that day,—
The one—that severed from all days,—O friend!
Even then, if human thought may then have sway,
My soul with thine shall yet rejoice to blend.

DREAMS OF THE DEAD.

Oft in the still night, dreams of a departed face
Bends o'er me with sweet earnestness of eye,
Wearing no more of earthly pains a trace
On the dear brow of immortality; calm, yet profound.

Oh! rich sleep!
Thou hast strong spirits in thy region deep
Which glorify, with reconciling breath,
Effacing, brightening, giving forth to shine,
Beauty's high truth. And how much more divine
Thy power, when we know there is no death.

THEY CROWN ME.

They crown me with a glistening crown
Borne from the angels above:
I hear the pealing music of renown
From the voices that I love.

They tell me that my soul can throw
A glory o'er the earth:
To thee, O Father! thanks I give,
And the angels for their worth.

TO MY SISTER JESSIE.

Sweet, gentle soul, when thou wert used to reign
My spirit's queen, when wrapt in mortal clay,
Now, immortal, shalt thou rule again.

MUSIC.

Whence is the might of thy master spell?
Speak to me, voice of sweet sound, and tell
How canst thou wake by one gentle breath,
Passionate visions of love and death?

How callest thou back, with a note, a sigh,
Words and low tones; the days gone by;
A sunny glance, or a fond farewell?
Speak to me, voice of sweet sound, and tell!

What is thy power, from the soul's deep spring,
In sudden gushes the tears to bring?
Even midst the swells of thy festal glee,
Fountains of sorrow are stirred by thee.

MUSIC.

(Continued.)

Something of mystery there surely dwells,
Waiting thy touch, in our bosom cells:
Something that finds not its answer here;
A chain to be clasped in another sphere.

Yet, speak to me still, though thy tones be fraught
With vain remembrance and troubled thought;
Speak! for thou tellest my soul that its birth
Links it with regions more bright than earth.

DARLING.

Each day is so full of you, darling,
That I cannot realize
You are gone from the world of turmoil
To the peace of paradise.

For, ever, from morn till nightfall,
Some hint of your presence I know,—
Some gleam of a vanishing vision,
Half caught in the sunset glow.

DARLING.

(Continued.)

Each day I think of you, darling,
That I call this a blessed time;
My soul is full of its sweetness,
Brightened by many a sign

That those who have passed through death's portals
Are still very near to us here;
That spirit to spirit responsive
Makes all the great meaning grow clear.

DARLING.

(Continued.)

Each day is so full of you, darling,
That I walk in a happy surprise,
Finding thus my thoughts so companioned
And my prayers for high purposes rise;

To plead for divine benediction,
For energy, courage and power
To live the high life of the spirit;
To stamp with fulfillment each hour.

DARLING.

(Continued.)

Each day is so full of you, darling,
That I cannot know grief or regret,
For my soul is full of its beauty;
Its promise; its solace; and yet

Ah! love, my supreme consolation
Is a faith that will some day come true
That lends all its cheer to the present,
The faith of reunion with you.

I DREAMED OF THEE.

I dreamed of thee, where leaves were greenest,
And the flowers around us were sweet and fair;
The cloudless heaven shone out serenest,
And thy brow was free from a shade of care;

And I dreamed I wandered o'er hill and heather,
That livelong day of light and love,
Untired, unflagging, still together,
Glad as the earth and the heavens above.

I DREAMED OF THEE.

(Continued.)

I dreamed;—I awoke;—thou are not near me;
I cannot look in thine eyes today;
I cannot have thy voice to cheer me;
Oh! Life is sad when thou art away:

But my spirit, her eager wing extending,
Hath flown, in the light of hope, to thine;
And I know thy heart of hearts is blending
Its vital stream of love with mine.

MEMORY.

Stronger than death, thou art,
Oh Memory! Thou with watchful care art keeping
The dearest treasures of the human heart.

TEARS.

A tear! 'Tis the language of feeling,
Of sympathy, grief, and of bliss;
A tear, 'tis the message revealing
To friends, the heart's deepest abyss.
A tear, 'tis the seal of affection,
'Tis sweet sensibility's gem;
Then hail to the balm of affliction,
All hail to the heart's diadem.

THINKING OF YOU.

Sweet have I known the blossoms of the morning,
Tenderly tinted to their hearts of dew;
But now my flowers have found fuller fragrance,
Thinking of you.

Long have I worshiped, in my soul enshrining,
High visions of the noble and the true;
Now all my visions and all my prayers are purer,
Thinking of you.

Wise have I seen the uses of life's labor,
To all its puzzles found some answering clew;
But now my life has learned a nobler meaning,
Thinking of you.

THINKING OF YOU.

(Continued.)

In the past days I chafed at pain and waiting;
Grasped at happiness, as children do;
Now it is sweet to wait, and joy to suffer,
Thinking of you.

Whether our lips shall touch, or hands shall linger;
Whether our love be fed, or joys be few;
Life will be sweeter and more worth the living,
Thinking of you.

MY BLOSSOM.

Do you remember the first day I met you,
You spoke and turned aside,
As though my presence annoyed you,
You blessed, darling child!

Do you remember the next time I met you,
Your soul seemed to grasp the divine;
And from that very hour,
You, blessed child, were mine.

You, for the power of glory;
You, for the power of light;
You, for God's holy wisdom
Is with you from morn till night.

MARRIAGE.

Speak it not lightly! Oh. beware, beware,
'Tis no vain promise, no unmeaning word;
Lo! men and angels lisp the faith ye swear,
And by the High and Holy One 'tis heard;
Oh, then kneel humbly at this altar now,
And pray for strength to keep your marriage vow.

DEVOTION.

Hush! 'Tis a holy hour! The quiet room
Seems like a temple, while the soft light sheds
A starry radiance through the gloom,
And angels whisper words of love,
And we bow our souls in prayer from above.

SISTER M. C. S. AND I.

We blend together, you and I,
With love from the angels from on high,
Until our souls seemed joined together
In this great world and in the other.

Our heavenly Father, we give thee thanks,
And to our angels in all ranks,
For their constant devotion to you and me;
And thus it shall be throughout eternity.

TRAVELS.

You are going on your travels,
But remember, our dear ones,
That angels guide your footsteps
Wherever you may roam.

On steamer, cars, or carriages,
Think not of danger, dears,
We will all surround you,
And make the way so clear.

Till you reach your homeward journey
Call on us night and day;
Our blessings are ever with you
Roam wherever you may.

Hast thou been told that from the viewless bourn
The dark way never hath allowed return?
That all which tears can move with life is fled—
That earthly love is powerless on the dead?
Believe it not.

—Felicia Hemans.

Is Death the end? Over the grave bends Love sobbing, and by her side stands Hope, and whispers: "We shall meet again. Before all life is death, and after all death is life. The falling leaf, touched with the hectic flush, that testifies of autumn's death, is, in a subtler sense, a prophecy of spring."

—Robert G. Ingersoll.

Hast thou not glimpses, in the twilight here,
Of mountains where immortal morn prevails?
Comes there not, through their silence, to thine ear
A gentle murmur of the morning gales
That sweep th' ambrosial groves of that bright shore,
And thence the fragrance of its blossom bear,
And voices of the loved ones, gone before,
More musical in that celestial air?

—William Cullen Bryant.

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea.

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

It lies about us like a cloud,
A world we do not see,
Yet the sweet closing of an eye,
May bring us there to be.
Its gentle breathings fan our cheek,
Amidst our worldly cares;
Its gentle voices whisper love,
And mingle with our prayers.

—Harriet Beecher Stowe.

"Man, thou shalt never die!" Celestial voices
Hymn it unto our souls: according harps,
By angel fingers touched, when the mild stars
Of morning sang together, sound forth still
The song of our great immortality.

—R. H. Dana.

Yet Love will dream, and Faith will trust,
(Since He who knows our need is just),
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.
Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress trees.
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play.
Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is ever lord of Death
And Love can never lose its own.

—John G. Whittier.

Thus the seer,
With vision clear,
Sees forms appear and disappear,
In the perpetual round of strange
Mysterious change
From birth to death, from death to birth;
From earth to heaven, from heaven to earth,
Till glimpses more sublime
Of things unseen before
Unto his wondering eyes reveal
The universe, as an immeasurable wheel
Turning forevermore
In the rapid and rushing river of time.

—Longfellow.

Time may come, when men
With angels may participate, and find
No inconvenient diet, nor too light fare;
And from these corporal nutriments, perhaps,
Your bodies may at last turn all to spirit,
Improved by tract of time, and winged, ascend,
Ethereal, as we; or may, at choice,
Here or in heavenly paradises dwell;
If ye be found obedient, and retain,
Unalterably firm, His love entire,
Whose progeny you are.

—Milton.

Thou art!—directing, guiding all—Thou art!
Direct my understanding then to thee;
Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart;
Though but an atom midst immensity,
Still I am something, fashioned by thy hand!
I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth—
On the last verge of mortal being stand,
Close to the realms where angels have their birth,
Just on the boundaries of the spirit-land!

—Derzhaven.

Life is joy, and love is power,
Death all fetters doth unbind,
Strength and wisdom only flower
When we toil for all our kind.

Hope is truth,—the future giveth
More than present takes away,
And the soul forever liveth
Nearer God from day to day.

—James Russell Lowell.

If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.
But now farewell. I am going a long way
With these thou seest—if indeed I go—
(For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)
To the island-valley of Avilion;
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep-meadowed, happy, fair with orchard-lawns,
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer seas,
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound.

—Tennyson.

They sin who tell us love can die,
With life all other passions fly;
All ours are but vanity.
In heaven ambition cannot dwell,
Nor avarice in the vaults of hell;
Earthly these passions, as of earth.
They perish where they drew their breath;
But love is indestructible;
Its holy flame forever burneth;
From heaven it came, to heaven returneth.

—Robert Southey.

The spiritual stars rise nightly, shedding down
A private beam into each several heart.
Daily the bending skies solicit man,
The seasons chariot him from this exile,
The rainbow hours bedeck his glowing chair,
The storm-winds urge the heavy weeks along,
Suns haste to set, that so remoter lights
Beckon the wanderer to his vaster home.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

And, though the way to such a goal
Lies through the clouded tomb,
If on the free, unfettered soul
There rest no stains of gloom,
How should its aspirations rise
Far through the blue, unpillared skies,
Up to its final home!
Beyond the journeyings of the sun,
Where streams of living waters run.

—James G. Clark.

Wonders breathe in our face
And we ask not their name;
Love takes all the blame
Of the world's prison-place;
And we sing back the songs as we guess them, aloud,
And we send up the lark of our music that cuts
Untired through the cloud
To beat with its wings at the lattice Heaven shuts;
Yet the angels look down and the mortals look up
As the little wings beat,
And the poet is blessed with their pity or hope.
'Twixt the heavens and the earth can a poet despond?
O Life, O Beyond,
Thou art strange, thou are sweet!

—Elizabeth B. Browning.

I know not too well how I found my way home in the night.
There were witnesses, cohorts about me, to left and to right,
Angels, powers, the unuttered, unseen, the alive, the aware;
I repressed, I got through them, as hardly, as strugglingly there,
As a runner beset by the populace famished for news—
Life or death. The whole earth was awakened, hell loosed with
her crews;
And the stars of night beat with emotion, and tingled and shot
Out in fire the strong pain of pent knowledge; but I fainted not,
For the Hand still impelled me at once and supported, suppressed
All the tumult, and quenched it with quiet, and holy behest,
Till the rapture was shut in itself, and the earth sank to rest.

—Robert Browning.

Smitten friends
Are angels sent as messengers of love;
For us they languish, and for us they die:
And shall they languish, shall they die in vain?
Ungrateful, shall we grieve their hovering shades
Which wait the revolution in our hearts?
Shall we disdain their silent, soft address—
Their posthumous advice and pious prayer?
—Edward Young.

We dream, but they awake;
Dread visions mar our rest;
Through thorns and snares our way we take,
And yet we mourn the blest!
For spirits round the Eternal Throne
How vain the tears we shed!
They are the living, they alone,
Whom thus we call *the dead.*

—Mrs. Sigourney.

When even at last the solemn hour shall come,
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey; there, with new powers,
Will rising wonders sing. I cannot go
Where universal love not smiles around,
Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their suns;
From seeming evil still educing good,
And better thence again, and better still,
In infinite progression. But I lose
Myself in Him, in Light ineffable!

—James Thomson.

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